

Daily Eagle

M. M. MURDOCK, Editor.

THE MOODS OF THE PEOPLE.

When it comes to being emotional, the people of the United States within fifty years will make the people of France in that respect look like a rag doll run through a cotton gin. The chances are that we will refrain from trooping around in the streets at night with pitchforks, spilling out fiery words of conflagration, but we are headed for the condition where a night's sleep will so change the nation that one man will be defeated for president and another elected, on the turn of a hair; where we will declare war between noon and one o'clock and be fighting the first battle that day a week.

Take our war with Spain. It was purely emotional. Maritally we were gaunt. We hungered for war at the time. Nobody in America wants war today. If congress were in session and should declare war against another nation, a howl would go up that would shiver the dirt off a printing office window pane. When the war broke out with Spain it had been over thirty-three years since the "fighting spirit" of America had had an outlet. The conviction that we could lick anything that walked on two legs and chewed tobacco demanded demonstration. England picked up a little old crooked line down in Venezuela and we let out a jagged war whoop that made her drop the line like a hot potato, and the whoop is ringing in England's ears yet. Then along came a little, wobbly, top-sailed, sore-toed Spain. She got to musing up things in her back yard, across the street from us, and we whaled in, fooling ourselves into the fancy that the "ancient chivalry" of the Dons would hold out anyhow one round. They dug her out of the sawdust, before the referee had time to examine the gloves. That satisfied us, and we have quieted down. In about fifteen years more something like this will break out and we will cut loose.

Now along comes a speculative excitement. About ten years ago the country felt the need of excitement in a gambling way. The old precept of economy being the only paved street connected with wealth was hung up on a hook in the attic and everybody jumped in to get rich before fall and light out for a European trip. The country went up against a boom, had a breathlessly delightful time of it and came out with both eyes set in ebony, coat-tails gone and shoe-strings busted. But we had our fill of boom, and fell to making hard times as hard as possible. Every time a citizen saw confidence sticking its head up out of a hole, he hit it with a club. The general, gnawing desire was to make everything out of miserable as possible and unhappy and tough as possible. People stood around and rolled their eyes sorrowfully, incubated hints against credit, taunted banks to death, and ostracized anybody who felt bad way cheerful. Whenever a dollar appeared it was speedily scared back into an old sock by two or three million people getting into one another's hair over whether it had intrinsic or artificial value. Along about five years ago the people thought they had been unhappy long enough and switched around and began to coax the dollars out and stroke 'em and pet 'em, and tell 'em they didn't give a playhouse whether they were good or not, or how many grains fine they carried, or whether their redeemer existed or not. So good times were coaxed out again. Now the speculative racket has been whistled out of house and the country is flirting with it.

The speculative racket will last just as long as the people feel like it. Popular sentiment, popular mood, is the biggest thing in this country. Pierpont Morgan and his kind are dy-specks on a planet compared to it. They don't originate anything, or stop anything. They go with the tide. In America leadership resides in the followers. This government is more representative than George Washington ever dreamed it would be; it is more representative than any leading politician thinks it. And its representative attribute, great at all times, is greatest in the workings of its moods.

FASHIONABLE GAMBLING.

Fashionable play in New York is the common target of social reformers, whose most frequent mistake is to generalize from a few exceptional instances. The lives of people of fashion, especially in New York, rarely come up to the standard set by the critics. The ordinary round of their duties makes an exhaustive demand on their time and energy, and those who are most active have a constant ambition to discover new forms of entertainment. Fashionable play is too much to ask that fashionable society should set an example of noble aims and wholesome living. Its pursuits are for the most part trivial—otherwise it would cease to be fashionable society. The public has a right, however, to insist that well society should not be obtrusively vicious, as it is frequently charged with being—particularly by persons who do not take the pains to investigate the facts. That the fashionable women of New York are mostly habitual inebriates, that they are inveterate smokers of cigars and cigarettes, etc., has been affirmed by sensational newspaper writers and by occasional credulous preachers for years.

Probably the most serious arraignment of fashionable society in New York has been presented by half a dozen prominent clergymen of that city, some of them the pastors of fashionable churches. Two of these ministers have affirmed as a matter of positive knowledge that the passion for gambling has become so intense among society women that a mother will play cards with her son's schoolmate (a guest in the house) until she has won every dollar of his money, and that mothers have caused their sons to invite schoolmates to their homes for the sole purpose of fleecing them. All these preachers assert as an indisputable fact that the mania for gaming is so violent that all-night playing is common among church members, who are so weary as a consequence on Sunday mornings that they stay away from church. One clergyman has been shocked by the discovery that the Sunday contribution is enriched by the contents of the "kitty," which are regularly reserved as a penitential offering.

Bridge whist is said to be furiously popular. The average American is paid to do a bad to death in a short time. To many persons card playing is rapid without a small money stake. From the testimony that has been given it is reasonable to think that New York fashionable society plays cards excessively, and for money. It is impossible, however, that any large number of mothers should allow the passion to carry them to the point of fleecing young men guests, or that the money stakes are commonly large enough to be an object or serve any other purpose than to give zest to the game, in the insignificant prize does in the case of progressive euchre. The preachers are right enough to protest against an excessive waste of time, interest and energy in card playing, but no reasonable person will believe that fashionable society has reached the state of degradation which the recent serious imput.

SCHOOL TEACHERS IN THE PHILIPPINES.

It is an interesting fact that over 1,000 American school teachers will be selected for service in the Philippine

Islands. A curious circumstance in this connection is that applications for these positions number several thousands. It is evident, then, that the Taft commission, which will make the appointments, will find it by no means difficult to secure the very best material possible. The commission has appointed Frederick W. Atkinson of Springfield, Mass., superintendent of public instruction for the Philippines. Upon him will devolve the task of organizing the public school system, and under general authority from the commission he will doubtless make all the minor appointments. Appointees will be required to sign contracts for three years, and will not be allowed to select the places on the islands at which they may prefer to be stationed. Naturally a great majority of teachers will be assigned to primary grades, and it is essential that all applicants shall have had several years experience in school work, shall be engaged in teaching at the time of making application, and shall be graduates of either normal schools or colleges.

The islands will be divided into ten districts, each presided over by a division superintendent at a salary ranging from \$2,000 to \$2,500 a year. The teachers will receive from \$75 to \$125 a month, the salary varying with location and qualifications. The government allows no outfit, but will convey the teachers to their destination on government transports from San Francisco.

The cumulative effect of the teaching which the Philippines will receive from the combined efforts of these teachers presents to the imagination a striking picture of the changed conditions which in a very short time must inevitably follow. Not only will American ideas be inculcated, but the introduction of American customs and the consequent demand for American products by this army of school teachers will result in the rapid development of American trade with the islands. It is reasonable to suppose that under the stimulus of American energy applied by the teachers, the natives will devote themselves more vigorously and more intelligently to exploiting the natural wealth of the Philippines than has been the case hitherto. The natural consequence will be a betterment of their own condition and a great impetus to commerce with this country.

CELEBRATING BLAINE'S ELECTION.

Says a writer in the New England Magazine: The Kennebec Journal kept an enormous Eagle at the head of its columns for a week or more, claiming a large majority for Blaine and Logan in the electoral college. But it became more and more evident as time wore on that Republican hopes were growing dim and that Democratic assurance was increasing proportionately. Nevertheless the national Republican committee still claimed the victory, and every evening for perhaps ten days after the election there were rival celebrations on the streets of Augusta. The feeling ran high and it was feared there might be quarrels and possibly bloodshed.

I was in Mr. Manly's office the night of the last Republican "celebration." He did not approve of allowing the farce (for such it had become) to continue, and when a local Republican politician came in to collect money to buy fireworks for the crowd he exclaimed ill-humoredly: "What's the use of letting them make fools of themselves any longer? Let them have their fun while they can," was the grim reply. The paraders got their fireworks, but those were the last.

Still we hoped against hope. The vote in New York was so close that there was a possibility that an official recount might change the reported result, and the Journal refused to concede the election until that had been completed. At noon on the Saturday following election day, in accordance with the instructions of their national committee, the Democrats celebrated their victory by ringing bells and firing cannons. But it was not until Monday, November 17, a fortnight lacking one day after election, that the Journal finally acknowledged defeat. Of course it had been known for quite a time that Mr. Blaine's chances of getting in on a recount were practically hopeless; but I well remember how my heart sank when I read the fateful sentence at the head of the Journal's editorial columns: "Settled—Cleveland will be the next president." It sounded like a death-knell; and there have been few hours in my life when my grief has been more profound or bitter than it was at that moment. Most of Mr. Blaine's supporters, particularly in his own city and state, sorrowed for his defeat not so much because they were Republicans as because they loved the man devotedly and knew only too well how deeply the iron of bitter disappointment had entered his sensitive soul.

AN INCREASE, NOT A FALLING OFF.

According to the latest figures given regarding trade between Cuba and the United States, there has been a gain, not a loss, since statistics were collected in 1890. By the latest showing, instead of there being a decrease in the value of imports into Cuba from the United States, there is an increase of \$1,322,205 for the eight months of 1890 over the same period of 1889.

Nevertheless, in view of the notably large percentage of gains in English and German trade with Cuba during recent years, it is eminently and emphatically in order for American manufacturers to pay closer attention to meeting the special needs and requirements of the Cuban market. We should study the needs of customers in the island so near our shores with as much care as we give to the development of new markets across the Atlantic, if American business enterprise is to "expand" properly and profitably.

A seedy old man went down to New York from Pennsylvania last week, invested in Union Pacific, returned home Saturday night worth \$250,000 more. He said he guessed he would go home and attend to the sawing of some logs and "quit flogging" around.

At Yale the other day, in a fight over whether the scientific or the athletic students were superior, one young man was whaled so badly that he died four days later. The obliging college physician said it was typhoid fever.

There may be no miracles, but a train load of people who are rolled down a steep embankment with a train running fifty miles an hour and only one of them killed can not believe that there are no miracles.

Cole and James Younger are to be let out of the penitentiary this week, and through Missouri the locomotive engineers will take on an extra bucketful or two of nerve.

Speaking of pharisees, how is that one of McKinley's telling New Mexico that it would get statehood, but "I can't tell why, I don't know when."

The little boom advertisement President McKinley gave El Paso in his speech shows that McKinley knows what the westerner likes.

The enumerator for the census department has just returned from Lawson county, Texas. He reports that he didn't find a soul.

Now that the Philippine war is over, the Philippines might as well acknowledge that the rainy season does no ice against Americans.

The Constitution has slid off into the water amid great enthusiasm and enough yelling to puff out her biggest sail.

And President McKinley, although he was up against it, didn't tell New Mexico that he favored statehood for her.

Stories of the beheading of missionaries in China last July are coming out, and it is a sorry day for China.

Some railroad man is attempting Dela's old scheme of uniting all the railroad men in one organization.

The south has more than its share of great disasters. Jacksonville has been added to the list.

When New Mexico sprang that statehood scheme on the president they had him thinking.

As an appeal to Diaz, McKinley said: "We do not hold office all the time here."

The shovel manufacturers have formed a combine to secure in more coin.

THE RECTOR'S WIFE.

The rectory of Ashcombe stood almost under the shadow of the graceful stone church, a tasteful cottage, with picturesque gables and bay windows shaded with evergreens, and from the curtained windows of the sitting-room a blood-red light streamed out, taking its hue from the carpeting, through whose folds it shone.

Herbert Byington and his wife were there alone, enjoying the ruddy light of the coal-fire, and the warm and coziness of the room as entirely at variance with the scene without. Just opposite him, on a low footstool, Jessie sat, with the bright fire-light flashing in her lovely face, the scarlet, downy lips curled in an unmistakable pout, and her eye-lashes sparkling with suspicious moisture.

"Jessie, my love," pleaded the rector, with a countenance of sore bewilderment, "I thought that you would look at the matter reasonably."

"So I do," said Jessie, raising the lovely hazel eyes with a sparkle of indignation to her husband's face. "You mean the status of ice nor a dried-up old fossil, never to want any change of relaxation, and I've made up my mind to go to this party."

"But, Jessie," gravely interrupted her husband, "a masquerade ball is not exactly the place for a clergyman's wife."

"But a knock at the door interrupted his sentence."

"It's to bed," sobbed Jessie. "I might as well be a prisoner in a stone cell at once. I wish I were single again. I wish I hadn't married a minister. 'If you—'"

"Jessie," he began sadly, "if you—"

"But a knock at the door interrupted his sentence."

"If ye please, sir," said the round-eyed and staring Irish girl, "it's John Mooney and his father."

"What's the matter?" asked the rector, and he turned to the door.

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OUTLINES OF OKLAHOMA.

Oklaoma so far this spring has been mighty fortunate as regards hail storms. Governor Barnes is probably not worrying half as much about his location as some of the newspapers.

Some of these days a bug'll come along and attack the newspaper correspondent who said out bear wheat reports.

A whole lot of Oklahomans are wondering and asking would the same about statehood that he did in New Mexico.

The little square fences which used to mark graves in the long stretches of prairie in Oklahoma are disappearing.

In the Oklahoma papers the fruit tree collectors are still called "treasure-hunters." The only way to repress 'em is to take a club.

While Jenkins' motto is "No Haste," he will find bits of track where it will pay to jerk the throttle out by the roots and go quick.

A report from the census department is to the effect that Oklahoma has shorter names for its counties than any other state in the union.

At Pawnee the other day Orin Deles was sent to prison for life for killing Deputy Marshal Thomas J. Taylor in Pawnee, October 13, last.

Maybe in a few days another bug'll come along and eat-up the bug that's eating up the wheat. The whole bug world may simply telescope.

A big rat from City is weeping on his blue grass lawn, and saving water rentals because the report that he owned 20 acres of land near Beaumont, is not true.

The Police City Courier says that the black locust is now in bloom. Why not make the black locust bloom the flower of Oklahoma, and have something new?

Occasionally in an Oklahoma paper you will see across a notice to the public from some one warning against the negotiation of a note he has given on the claim that it is illegal.

Item in the Harbinger Herald: "A lot of ragged clouds floated around yesterday and the wind howled all afternoon. Whenever a dark cloud is seen approaching this village the residents keep close to the cyclone holes."

A farmer walked into the office of the Independence Courier the other day and presented the editor with a pair of jack rabbit ears. The editor would rather have received those ears than two hours of hot air eloquence. As a rule the editor does not know how to value remembrances from subscribers' busy editors.

Hardy Herald: The Herald receives frequent requests from ranchmen to employ hands, and they generally add that they want good hands. Good hands such as are desired by ranchmen these days and times are not so easily found. Most of the fellows seeking employment know how to ride a horse till it is all out of breath, but when it comes to attending a hay roundup and riding a pitchfork gracefully all day long or chasing a grum they are not in it. Most of the boys left dead and mangled out onto the old world to keep from dragging their long legs after dead old mules and a plow.

They want to be straight out cowboys, but are about 12 or 15 years too late, like some of us who arrived in the country that long ago, but 'ere here too late to shoot a few Indians or help kill off the buffalo. Ranch hands are required to do all kinds of work.

Since Quill. A woman giving the name of Annie McKinley applied at the Park Hotel Friday night for lodging, and said that she had been unsuccessful in securing same elsewhere, and she was admitted and assigned to a room. She arose at a late hour yesterday morning and quietly disappeared. Later some of the ladies of the house missed some of their clothing and a warrant was sworn out charging Gentle Annie with the theft of same. The warrant was soon served, the woman arrested and taken before Esquire H. A. Basham, and upon being asked the usual question pronounced to those charged with an offense against the peace and dignity of Oklahoma, she responded "guilty." A fine of \$25 and trappings was marked up against her, but on account of her sex, the same was remitted upon her promise to ransom the ranch inside of six hours, and now it is to be hoped that she's gone.

Bill White of Emporia is throwing bones at President McKinley again. Senator Burton will be a director of Stillwell's Orient and what it is but Governor Morrill and John Schilling have gone into the pill business at Beaumont.

The Populists are of half a mind to contest the constitutionality of the anti-fusion law.

A schooner has been launched on Lake Michigan named Carrie Nation. Its figure head is a hatchet.

Governor Leedy and family have sailed for Alaska, where they will make their home in the future.

Charles Finch of Lawrence kicks on calling it "the executive house." Why not call it the "governor's house?"

The Democrats are sore because none of their number were invited to take part in the reception to the president at Topeka.

The articles in Kansas papers which began: "I am a Republican, have been a Republican for years, but—" have disappeared.

Jonas Raynor, a poor fisherman of Parsons has fallen heir to several acres of land near Beaumont, Texas, and four flouring mills in Ohio.

A minority report was read to Kansas has quit the newspaper field. This is Walter B. Stevens of the Globe-Democrat, who has become secretary of the Louisiana Purchase Exposition.

William Simmons, a boy who was making his way through the Lawrence high school has been convicted of stealing a couple of hundred dollars from his land-lord's safe and has been sent to the Hutchinson reform school.

Eugene Ware gives the present chancellor of the state university D. W. Willard of the Annals of Kansas, Times of Wichita and Fred Fumerson credit for having attained a higher and more permanent degree of success than all its congressional predecessors in its forty years of existence.

Ed Howe of Atchison has a row on. He jumped on the Minnesota miracle story of the dream of Christ which led, Phillips Williams, a Catholic priest attacked Howe in an article. Several Protestant ministers have jumped in, and a boycott of the paper is talked of. The boycott will increase the Globe's circulation.

Topeka Capital: The executive council yesterday afternoon passed a resolution expressing the desire that the city pave Eighth street between Douglas and Lincoln streets and declaring that it would recommend to the next legislature the payment of so much of the cost of the paving as the city could contribute.

Reasons of the governor's mission, failing in Lincoln street. A committee, representing the property owners along Eighth street, called on the governor yesterday afternoon and presented the matter. It was stated that a majority of the property owners along the street, representing more than one-half of the front feet, had signed the petition asking the city council to authorize the paving.

A man came into the Eagle office yesterday with a framed copy of a manuscript to exploit this idea. Amation is wild on gambling. The desire for gambling leads the people to grow speculative once so often and but the markets causing an inevitable collapse which brings devastation, despair and death. Now why not satisfy the desire in another channel. Take the \$250,000, better was put in to give for one a his industrial scheme, to the people, dividing it equally. Then the state government would reap the benefit of the scheme, and every citizen would be a shareholder in the scheme. The government will see absolutely nothing in the deal and the gambling world, among the people will be satisfied with out prostrating the whole country once every ten years.

Kansas City Times: Arthur Capner, who 2-3 years ago was in the Beaumont oil region, says that Beaumont and ex-Kansas are getting rich there. The three Seattle brothers from Port

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